No. 3 Spring, 1928

THE EXILE

EDITED BY EZRA POUND

3

In this Number

W. B. YEATS
LOUIS ZUKOFSKY
E. P.
JOHN RODKER
R. C. DUNNING
PAYSON LOOMIS
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
CLIFFORD GESSLER
HOWARD WEEKS
HERMAN SPECTOR

PASCAL COVICI, *Publisher*
CHICAGO

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THE EXILE

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W. B. YEATS:

Sailing to Byzantium

I

That is no country for old men; the young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
Those dying generations at their song,
The salmon falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh or fowl commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten born or dies,
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unaging intellect.

II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick unless
Soul clap its hands and sing and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
And there's no singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence,
And therefore have I sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre
And be the singing masters of my soul;
Consume my heart away, sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal,
It knows not what it is; gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

IV

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past or passing or to come.

BLOOD AND THE MOON

I

Blessed be this place,
More blessed still this tower.
A bloody arrogant power
Rose out of the race
Uttering, mastering it;
Rose like these walls from these

Stormbeaten cottages.
In mockery I have set
A powerful emblem up,
And sing it rhyme upon rhyme
In mockery of a time
Half dead at the top.

II

Alexandria's was a beacon tower, and Babylon's
An image of the moving heavens, a log book of
the sun's journey and the moon's,
And Shelley had his towers, thought's crowned
powers he called them once.

THE EXILE

I declare this tower's my symbol; I declare
This winding, gyring, spyring treadmill of a
stair is my ancestral stair,
That Goldsmith and the Dean, Berkeley and
Burke have traveled there;

Swift beating on his breast in sibylline frenzy
blind
Because the heart in his blood-sodden breast
had dragged him down into mankind;
Goldsmith deliberately sipping at the honey pot
of his mind;

And haughtier headed Burke that proved the
State a tree
That this unconquerable labyrinth of the birds,
century after century
Casts but dead leaves to mathematical equality;

And God-appointed Berkeley that proved all
things a dream,
That this pragmatical preposterous pig of a
world, its farrow that so solid seem
Must vanish on the instant if the mind but
change its theme,

Saeva Indignatio and the labourer's hire
The strength that gives our blood and state
magnanimity of its own desire
Everything that is not God consumed with intellectual fire.

III

The purity of the unclouded moon
Had flung its arrowy shaft upon the floor,
Seven centuries have passed and it is pure,
The blood of innocence has left no stain.
There on blood-saturated ground have stood
Soldier, assassin, executioner,
Whether for daily pittance or in blind fear
Or out of abstract hatred, and shed blood,
But could not cast a single jet thereon.
Odour of blood on the ancestral stair!
And we that have shed none must gather there
And clamour in drunken frenzy for the moon.

IV

Upon the dusty, glittering, windows cling
And seem to cling upon the moonlit skies,
Tortoiseshell butterflies, peacock butterflies
A couple of night moths are on the wing,
Is every nation like the tower
Half dead at the top? no matter what I said

THE EXILE

For wisdom is the property of the dead,
A something incompatible with life; and power,
Like everything that has the stain of blood,
A property of the living, but no stain
Can come upon the visage of the moon
When it has looked in glory from a cloud.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY:

Poem Beginning "The"

Because I have had occasion to remember, quote, paraphrase, I dedicate this poem to Anyone and Anything I have unjustifiably forgotten. Also to J. S. Bach (309), Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* (248, 291), Max Beerbohm (245), Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* (310-312), Broadway (134), Geoffrey Chaucer (1st Movement, Title), College Cheer (45), E. E. Cummings' *Is Five* (38), Dante (66), Norman Douglas' *South Wind* (14), Elijah, the Prophet (24), T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* and *The Sacred Wood* (25-27), John Erskine (184, 185), Heinrich Heine (266, 267, 269, 316), Robert Herrick (187, 188), Horace (141), Horses (224-237), Aldous Huxley's *Those Barren Leaves* (12, 18), Henry James (2nd Movement, Title), Jewish Folk Song (191, 270-286), James Joyce (13, 20, 28, 29), D. H. Lawrence (8, 19, 133), Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II* (46, 47),

Modern Advertising (163), George Moore (24), Marianne Moore (22), Mussolini (74, 75), Myself (130, 142, 167, 309), Obvious (Where the Reference Is Obvious), Walter Pater's *Renaissance* (165), *Peer Gynt* (281-285), Poe's *Helen* (168-182), Popular Non-Sacred Song (4, 5, 36, 37, 288, 289), Ezra Pound (15, 18), Power of the Past, Present and Future (Where the reference is to the word Sun), E. A. Robinson's *Children of the Night* (132), Sophocles (6), Oswald Spengler (132), Max Stirner 199-202), Symbol of our Relatively Most Permanent Self, Origin and Destiny (Wherever the reference is to the word Mother), The Bible (1-3, 9, 313, 314), The Bolsheviki (203, 323), The French Language (31, 33, 51, 292), The King's English (166), *The Merchant of Venice* (250-265), The Yellow Menace (241-242), University Extension (70), Villon (21), Franz Werfel (68), Virginia Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway* (52), Yehoash (110-129, 205-223, 318-330).

Figures and References in Parenthesis are to line in *Poem Beginning "The."*

POEM BEGINNING "THE"

First Movement: "And out of olde bokes, in good feith"

The
  Voice of Jesus I. Rush singing
    in the wilderness
A boy's best friend is his mother,
It's your mother all the time.
Residue of Oedipus-faced wrecks
Creating out of the dead,—
From the candle flames of the souls of dead mothers
Vide the legend of thin Christ sending her out of the temple,—
Books from the stony heart, flames rapping the stone,
Residue of self-exiled men
By the Tyrrhenian.
  Paris.
But everywhere only the South Wind, the sirocco, the broken Earth-face.
The broken Earth-face, the age demands an image of its life and contacts,

Lord, lord, not that we pray, are sure of the question,
But why are our finest always dead?
And why, Lord, this time, is it Mauberley's Luini in porcelain, why is it Chelifer,
Why is it Lovat who killed Kangaroo,
Why Stephen Daedalus with the cane of ash,
But why les neiges?

And why, if all of Mary's Observations have been made
Have not the lambs become more sapient drinking of the Spring;
Kerith is long dry, and the ravens that brought the prophet bread
Are dust in the waste-land of a raven-winged evening.
And why if the waste land has been explored, travelled over, circumscribed,
Are there only wrathless skeletons exhumed new planted in its sacred wood,
Why—heir, long dead,—Odysseus, wandering of ten years
Out-journeyed only by our Stephen, bibbing of a day,

O why is that to Hecuba as Hecuba to he!

You are cra-a-zee on the subjects of babies,
says she,
That is because somehow our authors have
been given a woman's intuition.
Il y a un peu trop de femme in this South
Wind.
And on the cobblestones, bang, bang, bang,
myself like the wheels—
The tram passes singing
O do you take this life as your lawful wife,
I do!
O the Time is *5*
I do!
O the Time is *5*
I do!
O do you take these friends as your loves
to wive,
O the Time is *5*
I do!

For it's the hoo-doos, the somethin' voo-
doos
And not King's onelie, but the wisest men
Graue Socrates, what says Marlowe?

For it was myself seemed held
Beating—beating—
Body trembling as over an hors d'oeuvres—

And the dream ending—Dalloway! Dalloway—
The blind portals opening, and I awoke!

Let me be
Not by art have we lived,
Not by graven images forbidden to us
Not by letters I fancy.
Do we dare say
With Spinoza grinding lenses, Rabbaisi,
After living on Cathedral Parkway?

Second Movement: International Episode

This is the aftermath
When Peter Out and I discuss the theatre.
Evenings, our constitutional.
We both strike matches, both in unison,
to light one pipe, my own.
'Tis, 'tis love, that makes the world go round and love is what I dream.
Peter is polite and I to me am almost as polite as Peter.

Somehow, in Germany, the Jew goat-song
    is unconvincing—
    How the brain forms its visions thinking incessantly of the things,
Not the old Greeks anymore,—
    the things themselves a shadow world scarce shifting the incessant thought—
Time, time the goat were an offering,
Eh, what show do we see to-night, Peter?
"Il Duce: I feel God deeply."
    Black shirts—black shirts—some power is so funereal.

    Lion-heart, frate mio, and so on in two languages
    the thing itself a shadow world.
    Goldenrod
    Of which he is a part,
    Sod
    He hurried over
    Underfoot,
    Make now
    His testament of sun and sky
    With clod
    To root what shoot

It sends to run the sun,
The sun-sky blood.

My loves there is his mystery beyond your loves.
Uncanny are the stars,
His slimness was as evasive
And his grimness was not yours.

Do you walk slowly the halls of the heavens,
Or saying that you do, lion-hearted not ours,
Hours, days months, past from us and gone,
Lion-heart not looked upon, walk with the stars.
Or have these like old men acknowledged
No kin but that grips of death,
Of being dying only to live on with them,
Entirely theirs,
And so quickly grown old that we on earth like stems raised dark

Feel only the lull, heave, phospher change, death, the
One follow, the other, the end?

Our candles have been buried beneath these waters,
Their lights are his,
Ship-houses on the waters he might have lived near.
Steady the red light and it makes no noise whatever.
Damn it! they have made capital of his flesh and bone.
What, in revenge, can dead flesh and bone make capital?
And his heart is dry
Like the teeth of a dead camel
But his eyes no longer blink
Not even as a blind dog's.

With the blue night shadows on the sand
May his kingdom return to him,
The Bedouin leap again on his *asilah*,
The expanse of heaven hang upon his shoulder

As an embroidered texture,
Behind him on his saddle sit the night
Sing into his ear:

Swifter than a tiger to his prey,
Lighter than the storm wind, dust or spray,
The Bedouin bears the Desert-Night,
Big his heart and young with life,
Younger yet his gay, wild wife
The Desert-Night.

Some new trappings for his steed,
All the stars in dowry his meed
From the Desert-Night.

I've changed my mind, Zukofsky,
How about some other show—
"The Queen of Roumania," "Tilbury," "The West-Decline,"
"Hall's Mills," "The Happy Quetzalcoatl"
"Near Ibsen," "Dancing with H. R. H.," "Polly Wants a New Fur Coat,"
"The Post Office"—

Speaking of the post office, the following will handicap you for the position,
my dear Peter,
Your weight less than one hundred twenty-five pounds,
One half of a disabled veteran, and probably
the whole of an unknown soldier,
That's indomitaeque morti for you.

Is it true what you say, Zukofsky,
Sorry to say, My Peter Out.

"Tear the Codpiece Off, A Musical Comedy,"
Likewise, "Panting for Pants,"
"The Dream That Knows No Waking."

Third Movement: In Cat Minor

Hard, hard the cat-world.
On the stream Vicissitude
Our milk flows lewd.

We'll cry, we'll cry,
We'll cry the more
And wet the floor,

Megrow, megrow,
Around around,
The only sound

The prowl, our prowl,
Of gentlemen cats
With paws like spats

Who weep the nights
Till the nights are gone—
—And r-r-run—the Sun!

Fourth Movement: More "Renaissance"

Is it the sun you're looking for,
Drop in at Askforaclassic, Inc.,
Get yourself another century,
A little frost before sundown,
It's the times don'chewknow,
And if you're a Jewish boy, then be your
Plato's Philo.

Engprof, thy lectures were to me
Like those roast flitches of red boar
That, smelling, one is like to see

Through windows where the steam's
galore
Like our own "Cellar Door".

On weary bott'm long wont to sit,
Thy graying hair, thy beaming eyes,
Thy heavy jowl would make me fit
For the Pater that was Greece,
The siesta that was Rome.

Lo! from my present—say not—itch
How statue-like I see thee stand
Phi Beta Key within thy hand!
Professor—from the backseats which
Are no man's land!

Poe,
Gentlemen, don'chewknow,
But never wrote an epic.

Fifth Movement: Autobiography

Speaking about epics, mother,
How long ago is it since you gathered
mushrooms,
Gathered mushrooms while you mayed.
It is your mate, my father, boating.

A stove burns like a full moon in a desert night.
Und in hoyze iz Kalt. You think of a new grave.
In the fields, flowers.
Night on the bladed grass, bayonets dewed.
It is your mate, my father, boating.
Speaking about epics, mother,—
Down here among the gastanks, ruts, cemetery-tenements—
It is your Russia that is free.
And I here, can I say only—
"So then an egoist can never embrace a party
Or take up with a party?
Oh, yes, only he cannot let himself
Be embraced and taken up by the party."
It is your Russia that is free, mother.
Tell me, mother.

Winged wild geese, where lies the passage,
In far away lands lies the passage.
Winged wild geese, who knows the pathway?
Of the winds, asking, we shall say:
Wind of the South and wind of the North
Where has your sun gone forth?

Naked, twisted, scraggly branches,
And dark, gray patches through the branches,
Ducks with puffed-up, fluttering feathers
On a cobalt stream.
And faded grass that's slowly swaying.
A barefoot shepherd boy
Striding in the mire;
Swishing indifferently a peeled branch
On jaded sheep.
An old horse strewn with yellow leaves
By the edge of the meadow
Draws weakly with humid nostrils
The moisture of the clouds.
Horses that pass through inappreciable woodland,
Leaves in their manes tangled, mist, autumn green,
Lord, why not give these bright brutes—your good land—
Turf for their feet always, years for their mien.
See how each peer lifts his head, others follow,
Mate paired with mate, flanks coming full they crowd,

Reared in your sun, Lord, escaping each hollow
Where life-struck we stand, utter their praise aloud.
Very much Chance, Lord, as when you first made us,
You might forget them, Lord, preferring what
Being less lovely where sadly we fuss?
Weed out these horses as tho' they were not?
Never alive in brute delicate trembling
Song to your sun, against autumn assembling.

If horses could but sing Bach, mother,—
Remember how I wished it once—
Now I kiss you who could never sing Bach, never read Shakespeare.
In Manhattan here the Chinamen are yellow in the face, mother,
Up and down, up and down our streets they go yellow in the face,
And why is it the representatives of your, my, race are always hankering for food, mother?
We, on the other hand, eat so little.

Dawn't you think Trawtsky rawrthaw a darrling,
I ask our immigrant cousin querulously.
Naw! I think hay is awlmawst a Tchekoff.
But she has more color in her cheeks than the Angles—Angels—mother,—
They have enough, though. We should get some more color, mother.
If I am like them in the rest, I should resemble them in that, mother,
Assimilation is not hard,
And once the Faith's askew
I might as well look Shagetz just as much as Jew.
I'll read their Donne as mine,
And leopard in their spots
I'll do what says their Coleridge,
Twist red hot pokers into knots.
The villainy they teach me I will execute
And it shall go hard with them,
For I'll better the instruction,
Having learned, so to speak, in their colleges.
  It is engendered in the eyes
  With gazing fed, and fancy dies
  In the cradle where it lies

In the cradle where it lies
I, Senora, am the Son of the Respected Rabbi,
Israel of Saragossa,
Not that the Rabbis give a damn,
Keine Kadish wird man sagen.

Half-Dozenth Movement: Finale, and After

Under the cradle the white goat stands, mother,
What will the goat be saddled with, mother?
Almonds, raisins.
What will my heart be bartering, mother,
Wisdom, learning.
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.
These are the words of the prophet, mother,
Likely to save me from Tophet, mother—
What will my heart be burning to, mother,
Wisdom, learning.
By the cat and the well, I swear, my Shulamite!
In my faith, in my hope, and in my love.
I will cradle thee, I will watch thee,
Sleep and dream thou, dear my boy!

(Presses his cheek against her mouth.)
I must try to fare forth from here.
I do not forget you,
I am just gone out for to-night,
The Royal Stag is abroad,
I am gone out hunting,
The leaves have lit by the moon.
Even in their dirt, the Angles like Angels are fair,
Brooks Nash, for instance, faisant un petit bruit, mais tres net,
Saying, He who is afraid to do that should be denied the privilege,
And where the automobile roads with the gasoline shine,
Appropriately the katydid—
Ka-ty did . . . . Ka-ty didn't . . . .

Helen Gentile,
And did one want me; no.
But wanted me to take one? yes.
And should I have kissed one? no.
That is, embraced one first
And holding closely one, then kissed one? yes.
Angry against things, iron I ring
Recalcitrant prod and kick.

Oh, Baedekera Schonberg, you here
dreaming of the relentlessness of motion
As usual,
One or two dead in the process what does it matter.

Our God immortal such Life as is our God,
Bei dein Zauber, by thy magic I embrace thee,
Open Sesame, Ali Baba, I, thy firefly, little errant star, call here,
By thy magic I embrace thee.

O my son Sun, my son, my son Sun! would God
I had died for thee, O Sun, my son, my son!

I have not forgotten you, mother,—
It is a lie—Aus meinen grossen leiden mach ich die kleinen lieder,
Rather they are joy, against nothingness joy—
By the wrack we shall sing our Sun-song
Under our feet will crawl
The shadows of dead worlds,

We shall open our arms wide,
Call out of pure might—
Sun, you great Sun, our Comrade,
From eternity to eternity we remain true
to you,
A myraid years we have been,
Myriad upon myriad shall be.

How wide our arms are,
How strong,
A myriad years we have been,
Myriad upon myriad shall be.

EZRA POUND:

Part of Canto XXIII

(The opening of this canto is too obscure to be printed apart from the main context of the poem)

Precisely, the selv' oscura,
And in the morning, in the Phrygian head-sack,
Barefooted, dumping sand from their boat,
'Yperionides!
  And the rose grown while I slept,
And the strings shaken with music,
Capriped, the loose twigs underfoot;
We here on the hill, with the olives
Where a man might carry his oar up,
And the boat there in the inlet;
As we had lain there in the autumn
Under the arras, or wall painted below like
    arras
And, above, with a garden of rose-trees,
And thrum of sound from the cross-street;
As we had stood there,

Watching road from the window,
Fa Han and I at the window,
And her head bound with gold-cords,
Cloud over mountain; hill-gap in mist, like a
sea-coast.

Leaf over leaf, dawn-branch in the sky
And the sea dark, under wind,
The boat's sails hung loose at the mooring,
Cloud like a sail inverted,
And the men dumping sand by the sea-wall
And the olives there on the hill
Where a man might carry his oar up.

And my brother De Maensac
Bet with me for the castle,
And we put it on the toss of a coin,
And I, Austors, won the coin toss and kept it,
And he went out to Tierci, a jongleur
And on the road for his living,
And twice he went down to Tierci,
And took off the girl there that was just married to Bernart.
And went to Auvergne, to the Dauphin,
And Tierci came with a posse to Auvergnat,
And went back for an army,
And came to Auvergne with the army

But never got Pierre nor the woman.
And he went down past Chaise Dieu,
And went, after it all, to Mont Ségur,
    after the end of all things,
And they hadn't left even the stair,
And Simone was dead by that time,
And they called us the Manicheans
Wotever the hellsarse that is.

And that was when Troy was down, all right,
    superbo Ilion . . . .
And they were sailing along
Sitting in the stern-sheets
Under the lee of an island
And the wind drifting off from the island.
"Tet, tet . . . .
    what is it?" said Anchises.
"Tethnéké," said the helmsman, "I think they
Are howling because Adonis died virgin."
"Huh! tet . . . . " said Anchises,
    "well, they've made a bloody mess of that
        city."

"King Otreus, of Phrygia
"That king is my father."
    and saw then, as of waves taking form,
As the sea, hard, a glitter of crystal,

And the waves rising, but formed, holding
their form;
No light reaching through them.

Explicit Canto xxiii

Adolphe 1920: "uno degli sforzi piu insigni e spasimosi di questi ultimi tempi per imprigionare nella renitente materia dell' arte il mistero della vita."

Corriere della Sera
24 June, 1927

JOHN RODKER:

ADOLPHE 1920

(CONCLUDED)

As though the funeral games were that moment in progress, six bucks, tall black shining, in white flannels and open shirts, in a clap of sudden thunder, leapt sideways on the stage, stamping with frantic limbs, with six girls after them about half their height, whose knees knocked and jigged, whose bodies shuddered and twitched, whose eyes flashed and hands waved. Suddenly, like a heavy river mist, a white cloud burst loudly, filling the room with aromatic smoke, obscuring everything. It cleared, the stage was empty again and his head was rocking. His body held colloquy with itself. You are laid in the deep low vault. . . . sleep is falling heavy as a hand. His every fibre yearned after the creaking receding feet, yet he was deeply reassured. A light focused his attention. A monotonous far drip of water

was marvellously reassuring. He had surrendered again. She was by his side.

He played idly with his full glass, then placed an empty glass upon it and when that seemed solid, another. His friends were looking at him in pleased fear. He added another. That, too, held. He saw they were afraid, they moved half back along their seats, stealthily and not to shake the table; and their eyes were riveted on the bulging transparent column in which lights glinted and lees of wine were solid as topaz. Only the snake-woman sat still and tired, her head dropping, her snake still, too. The column reached now to his shoulder and he stood up, taking more glasses and building higher; till again, it was at his shoulder. His friends had shrunk still further from him, but a small surging mass of black and white faces hung like a necklace before him, ebbing to and from him, growing smaller, larger; the eyes, teeth, winking enamels. Then he was oblivious of them, and then suddenly they cut his consciousness. His hand, his eye, his being were miraculously sure, adding glass to glass upon the slightly trembling column. That power, he felt, gave him power over Angela. He felt her eyes were focused on him,

herself yearning to him as he had so often felt them before. She walked on sand where the sea ebbed, watching a ship bear him away, the afternoon falling grey about her, turning disconsolately to the cobbles of Boulogne, Calais.

Her eyes were glued on him yet darting sideways, compelled to watch him in unwilling admiration, but her body shrank back along the seat in fear the column fell and splintered round her. Then it was too high and he got up on the bench. Its every vibration was part of him, its every stress; each nerve, each muscle was in tune with it. Suddenly he was addressing her, them, himself. Gentlemen, here is our life. Her life begins here—this bottom glass. How full it is, how solid it begins (his voice clucked in wonder). It climbs, begins to sway. This top glass is quite empty. There is no deception. How it trembles, makes all tremble, and if it falls must bring all down, destroy with what it started. This glass that empty sways was me. Slowly I filled from her, grew solid and swayed less. Still the column sways, yet is a column—indivisible. But who built it, she or I or both, and then, what then?

A dozen hands held glasses out to him. How add to my own life which must move down.

But how not add to her? Glass must grow to glass, she moves from water into air, yet then to water again. This column is alive with her. And if I take some down, shall we be where we started? I went so far to meet her, in such currents fought. But she says yes—so I add glass to glass. With a horrified gesture, Angela, whose eyes had been glued on him in unwilling sombre admiration, cried "No," leaping to stay his hand. For a moment the column swayed, grew stable, and, shuddering, fell upon itself, splinters flying into the room. The wine in the bottom glass bulged, slowly crept down its sides.

A blast of cold air was blowing through the room, the spectators moved to their seats. With anguish they looked at each other. They had come out of a dark, warm place.

Her love, her protection, her sudden penitence and cry of why did you flowed over him. Something had got through, for a moment she had understood. Yet she would forget again. She would forget again. Why did what he gave her seem so precious once he had given it. No, that was not true, he forgot it then, but could not forget that she must treasure it. Yet it was no use to him without her, that was

deeply true. How could he blame her for evading the responsibility of his love for her, since even he could not bear its weight, since for him it had no weight. Why did he seek the same law for male and female. Even were he both, it would be better for him to assume a masculinity, contained and non-existent, to compel her. But that was not true either, for he fought, struggled against, then submitted to the imposition of her love upon him, that love she could not hold within herself and which was of no use to her.

Yet she would not submit. She bowed his head, but not her own, and absorbed, picked mushrooms in the wood. That was why, not time made her forget, not crumbling rocks and bursting vegetation piling upon what he thought the bleak crest of his love; but like a zephyr she forgot and like a zephyr warmed him or puffed sheltering clouds about him. What passion made him try to make permanent what he felt? Grave it not in stone nor brass, but on eternity; another, his eternity. Feelings which anything might make thin or spout forth in thick blood. Yet the spirit swelled, took flesh; the mind lived, each skeleton was set out solid for an eternity. That

chain was swung from star to star.

Yet he forgot, too. The brain's secretion a slime, oozing over, preserving, but deep hiding. In polar wastes, among furious icy winds a man kicks a ball, is alive, and for a moment some lens etches him, and makes him live again as often as a screen projects him to his fellows squatting in London or New York. He lives again among the young, the lovely, their tears of pity, the blood his thirsting shade drinks to live again. That is now his life?

What then? The next day, from its cave some furious wind whistled up snow and ice and arctic night invaded him. So much for him. He was a thing whose edges waving, caught the light, flashed for a moment; the movement dies, the light fades, he is himself again, transparent, water.

She played about his peaks and far below an obscure tumult of her penetrated. His roots were in deep caves, where boulders curving like huge thighs, still left a rift for him to creep through. Some murmur of trickling water, slimy moss, made walking difficult; the stairs were steeply treacherous. In the enormous cavern the craggy roof stretched far, the rare light gilding the withdrawn stalagmites, hieratic

and most solemn.

A limpid river, cold to touch, flowed secretly a long way; the flat boats, crammed with faces blank in a remote unseeing dream, cross each other; their helmsmen, bearded, braced against their all too heavy lusts, while over them their demons soared batlike under the roof. His roots went down with joy, but she could not follow, could not leave earth, there, culling berries, herbs, the smell of hay, the croaking of frogs, which, like tiny bells, or distant, like a belated train, or like the cawing of crows, mingled in an immense languorous rattle under the moon; nor leave the deafening cry of grasshoppers shuddering in the burning noon, nor lambs nuzzling with frantic tails, cows leaping, butterflies coupling; the deep mist of living. She lived. It was so simple. Death, joy, dishonour, sickness, how foresee, evade or work for. Live! The sum the same. Drink and drugs quickened her stigmata diaboli. Yet she had tried to come down with him; it was stronger than herself. Sometimes she had felt herself going, a deep singing in her ears, her head grown monstrous light, her senses singing upwards, her body swaying, about to take flight into the earth. On an immense wave she re-

linquished herself. But that settled with a shock and she was on earth.

And her yearning sunward was justified in her, and her impossibility to be ought else. She had so tried but could not. Yet had she reached down to him, then she must go blank to him, grown part of him. But in her loves, her wilful blowing, he lived vicariously, and, though he resented it, he could not forego that necessity. His immobility found its life in her. He had lent her out then. He was her cully and profited by her. He would take her again, with all her profit his. So that, not conscious, yet inward knowing, he had turned her from him, unlaced each twining tendril, loosened each thorn, turning himself from her, darkening his face, her tendrils shivering on the blank air, uncertain where to turn.

Another sun then rose for her.

And for no, or every, reason, his heart began to beat violently, he was suddenly furious with her; her sombre face beside him, no longer a sick child's, moving out and away from him, fixed in night, filled him with rage. Whatever happened, she would always be herself, and nothing he could do could break that charmed circle floating before around away

His head was swimming, the floor heaving, his jaws clenched tight, the shapes in the room swaying round him. Staggering, he went from the room, half fell down stairs, was bundled into his coat, then into a taxi.

A blast of cold air woke him in confusion. He saw a canal and white in moonlight, swaying trees; half came to himself, stammering what? The shimmer of water was asphalt, the trees lamp posts, he saw his hotel door. His hands undressed him, disposed of his clothes, cleaned his teeth, brushed his hair, while he staggered in the room. He fell into bed.

He had lost her again.

His head was two huge hemispheres gliding deliberately in oil against each other, with an unendurable irresistible motion, his whole being whining and shivering away from them, yet they expanded, filling the room, and somewhere in their side, hidden in deep undergrowth, his mouth and working lips, a tiny hole. Time was passing with a frightful conscious rapidity. His imagination buzzed with images, sounds too large for it; his eyes opening in delirium and seeing nothing, were comforted by a sword of fire, a beam of light which shot into the wardrobe mirror. His head

and all in it, moving with a frightful and hurried apprehension. Suddenly wideawake, he stood in the room. What cry had called him?

She crouched dark on the floor, and when he put his arms round her she was trembling. That was unendurable; his heart melted, pouring over her. She fought him, feebly clinging, but he put her on the bed, undressed her awkwardly, his impotence puzzling him. She threw her arms around him. Now I'm happy. So he had held her trembling where sudden mistral howled icy among age-old ruins. They, too, had held the fairest and the best. She was talking to him and his heart dragged after her words. Forgive me. I did want to smash it. I was afraid it could stand another glass, that would have ended everything . . . do, do forgive me. And I didn't want to leave you. . . . I don't know how I could. But I was frantic. It didn't seem to matter who I was with. It was so cold and bright. I was so restless. There was something I must find. Somewhere in some shop, among bric-a-brac, through some street. I was so confused, so unhappy, in despair. I must have bought so much—for a moment they seemed what I wanted—I'll show you them. You can have them if you like.

No you can't. I threw them away. It was better so, they took me from you. Her voice was tender, infinitely caressing, not what he imagined he remembered it. Shuddering to think how nearly he had lost her—for with her voice all went—he clung to her, yet could not press her close to him. I was beastly to him, couldn't go to bed. I went on looking all the time, dragged him round the town, one shop and then another, he was so nice and then so tired. We sat in cafés, people came in, went out; once there was a fight, it got late, the patron looked cross. I simply couldn't go. I tried so hard to be nice to him, but there was always something I had to face—find, I mean. You were always looking at me. Now I've come back.

He was falling asleep. There was a cave. She stood in darkness, among others. Their rotting skin was leather, their mouldy lungs were leather. Some vapour had tanned her, but not him. She wore an apron of brown paper.

And for a long time he saw her vacillating in light, in dark receding always.

JOHN RODKER

December, 1925—May, 1926

R. C. DUNNING:

Tony

"She seems to be a nice girl," I said handing back the photograph to her.

"Yes, and to think she could look like that and then do the dreadful thing she did to me. But I don't want you to think that I was a little white angel and she was a devil. I can hear her saying to me now: 'Betty, it's the booze that will separate us,' and I admit that I did get disgusting when I was drunk. Tony even told me once that I was dirty and I never touched a drop for six months. But it really was an awful shock the way she finally left me. You never saw Tony or you would realize what I mean. She was half Italian and her full name was Antonia Coletti. She had a lovely, wide mouth and big blazing, black eyes, and sometimes when she kissed me she used to take my whole mouth in hers and sometimes when we were out with the bunch and going to parties somebody would start playing the piano and, if

Tony liked the music, she would get up and do a dance all by herself, and it was always different. She always seemed a little bit ahead of the music and the music just followed her around. Sometimes she danced with me, but not often, because everybody else stopped dancing to watch us and I used to get excited and people got to talking afterwards, and Tony's mother tried to stop her going with me. But she never did—not for nearly three years. Then we decided that we'd leave New York and come to Paris, because Tony said I needed a chance, because I was getting drunk too often on rotten booze. Then she met up with a Mary Boone person, who took to following her around, and then Tony told me one day that she was coming to Europe with us. I nearly dropped in my tracks. And I told Tony that if we took a vulgar person like that with us, who couldn't even speak correctly, and had some horrible kind of an accent, that she would get me in wrong with all my friends in Paris that I was depending on to give us a good time. But Tony said that we would keep her in the background and make her useful doing errands for us. She spoke about her as if she was just a poor thing, so I finally consented.

"'You have a very beautiful voice,' I said.

"'Yes, I know I have a beautiful voice, and now if you say that my face is like a Botticelli and that I have abnormally slanting green eyes and a figure like a nice boy's, you will have said all the nice bromides that I have been hearing all my life. I know I'm a very attractive person, but what good did it do me?' Tony went and—oh, if only I hadn't boozed so much I might have seen things coming! But I'll tell you all about it, just like the Ancient Mariner. You know our ships crossed. Tony left Paris just three days before I arrived. Wasn't that tragic? But I made a hit with the girl that had the studio next to the one that Tony had and she said Tony never went with anybody except this Boone person. I even found some things of Tony's. Oh, it was terrible! The whole place was full of that lovely ghost and yet there was something that made me boil so that I nearly fell apart. You know Tony came to Europe without my ever knowing it. I used to go to the theater to meet her, where she had a good job, and then we'd go to her hotel together. Well, I went there one beautiful night and I waited and waited for Tony to come out, which was funny, as she always was very quick

about getting off her make-up when she knew I was outside. Finally I got so anxious that I asked another girl that we both knew where Tony was and she said that Tony was in there and would be out soon—but she gave me such a funny look that I nearly called her back. And then when Tony did come out, there was that Boone woman with her. She just looked at me with her oyster eyes, but didn't say anything, which was lucky, or I'd have dropped her where she stood. I've got an awful punch, although you might not think so. Then we all three went to a place that I knew of and had a drink, and just as I thought we were going to say good-night to the Boone person, Tony said she was coming along with us to the hotel, where she had a room. Well, I didn't care anything about that, so long as I had Tony, but when we got to the hotel I had a surprise, because Tony took a room for her right next to ours. She didn't have a room there at all, and, besides, her room had a door that opened into ours. But when we got into bed Tony just kissed me good-night and seemed to go right to sleep, but I did not sleep until about five o'clock, and just lay with my head on my elbow watching Tony just as if I were trying to make my-

self never forget her. But I must have dropped off soon after, because I woke up when it was daylight and then I heard Tony getting very quietly out of bed. So I drew the sheet up so it covered my mouth and she could not see it quivering—because she looked at me very carefully before she went into the next room. Then I lay there feeling as if I was going to die any minute because I could hear them whispering together. What with not sleeping and all the excitement I didn't have much pep, so I decided to dress and just clear out. I got dressed all but my shoes, and when I was putting them on I felt so like lead inside that I dropped one and Tony heard it. Soon after she came out of the next room and shut the door with the most guilty look I ever saw on any person's face. She did not say a word and commenced to dress very quickly, looking away from me, because I sat staring at her so that she seemed frightened. When she got dressed she said: 'Well, Betty, I'll see you this evening,' and she smiled at me in such a way that I just went for her. I must have landed on her good and hard, because she fell down and lay still for quite a while and I was almost hoping that I had killed her and then every-

thing would be finished. But she got up after a while and went to the door, and I'll always have that vision of Tony standing in the doorway with the blood running out of her mouth onto her furs and looking at me as if she never saw me before. Then she went out and shut the door and I tried to jump out of the window, but I didn't have the courage. So I lay down on the bed for hours and I don't even know what I thought of. I got up late in the afternoon and went to a place in Thirty-Seventh Street, where only fairies go, and had a lot of drinks. I often go with fairies, because they never bother me and do nothing but talk their funny slang and go into raptures about their bracelets and underclothes. When I left that place I took a bottle of Vermouth with me and got a room at another hotel and drank it all. Then I went to sleep and only woke up very late and my first thought was to see Tony, although I was still very drunk. I looked at my watch and saw that I would have just time to catch her coming out of the theatre. So I got there in no time, and there she was all alone. My heart gave a great thump and I ran towards her with my arms out. But she pushed me and I caught hold of her dress,

but it tore, and there I was lying on my back with all the people coming out of the theatre. Then Tony ran away because she was afraid of losing her job with the manager, but she came back with another girl named Jessica Torr, and Tony cried and they both got me into Jessica's car. You can say what you like but there are some decent people in the world, even in that old burg New York. Old Mr. Torr and Mrs. Torr and Jessica's brother all acted as if I were doing them a favour in turning their house upside down as I did. Jessica seemed to think that I was her baby sister and she is a perfectly spotless person and knew all about me and Tony. I was awful sick there in that house and had a temperature and kept on calling for Tony. When I got a little quieter I wrote a long letter to Tony. It was a very beautiful letter, if I do say it. Then I made Jessica take it around to Tony, but when she saw the handwriting she handed it back to Jessica without a word. Then I died another death and I went up to Terry's room (Terry is Jessica's brother) and stole one of his safety razor blades and cut myself three gashes in my wrist. You can see the scars yet. Then I lost a lot of blood in a basin that I put beside the couch in

the library, where I composed myself to fade away. But a maid found me like that and then I was sick all over again. But do you think those people weakened. Not a bit. They got me around again in about a week—but my aunt, who lives in Canada, never even answered the telegram they sent her. But I didn't blame her, because she knows my number—one hard-boiled orphan. But I made Jessica go around to Tony and insist on seeing her. Jessica can do things when she wants to. I guess that's one of the reasons nobody ever shortens her name. Well, she went around and she made Tony promise to call me up from the theater just after her turn. Everybody went out that night except Jessica. Well, I sat by the telephone all the evening and when the bell rang I just picked it up and said: 'Oh, Tony, won't you come to see me?' and I heard Tony say: 'Betty, I simply can't', and then she hung up. Well, that was that. Jessica thought I was going to die again, but I had another idea. I decided to cut out this temperature stuff and concentrate on getting back my strength and my looks. I just bloomed out like a flower and all my friends that had dropped me came around to the Torr place to see me and I promised

Jessica that I would never see Tony again, and I was nice to the men Jessica introduced me to and I almost fooled myself, even. I stuck it for a month and never drank, even with old Mr. Torr, and he used to smile all over his face when I refused. But one evening, when I was feeling absolutely all right, the strain got too great. Besides, the six weeks were almost up, so I slipped off and went to the theatre. I waited until every girl had come out, but no Tony. Then I went to her hotel and they said she had left two weeks ago. Then I went back to the Torr's, trying to figure things out. Next day I went to a place where the old bunch used to go to and had a drink with Renny O'Brien and she told me that Tony had gone to Europe. Well, I had another drink and went over and spoke with a funny little fairy and he told me the same thing. Then I sat in a corner there and concentrated on how to get over to Paris. I had no money and I didn't know Tony's address. But I just sat there and concentrated and concentrated, and just before I got incapable I remembered my jewels. I never wore jewelry, but lots of people used to give me things that I just left lying about until a funny,

honest sort of a man I knew took the best of them and put them in a bank for me. I jumped up and got them out and spent the rest of the afternoon in getting money for them where I knew it could be had. I got almost eight thousand. Then I spent three or four days finding Tony's address. None of her friends knew it or that's what they said. Then I did a little sleuthing after that Boone woman, and one of her pals told me her address. That was rather bright of me. Then I just took a suit case and caught the next steamer. I missed all the celebrations the Torrs were giving me for my nineteenth birthday and only sent them a telegram so they wouldn't be having the police look me up. Well, Tony must almost have landed by now and here I am. I bet I could swear for an hour without repeating myself to think of what I missed. It must be nice to be living in Paris like this, sitting in front of cafés and talking and drinking coffee and watching the people go by."

"Yes, it is nice—almost like a drug."

"May I pay, just to show I'm a good sport?"

"Certainly—hope to see you again soon."

"No chance—I'm sailing for New York tomorrow."

EZRA POUND:

Dunning

The man who was most annoyed (in print) by my first criticism of Cheever Dunning is most regrettably dead. I don't know whether there is anyone who wants to continue the argument. I printed Dunning's Sapphics in the second issue of *Exile* with the intention of ending the discussion. It is too soon to say whether they have.

My present feeling is that anyone who can not feel the beauty of their melody had better confine his criticism to prose and leave the discussion of verse to those who understand something about it.

To the strictures on Dunning's earlier verse I had intended to reply that they at least contain something more than simple concupiscence expressed in sensuous tropes.

It still seems to me that the acting critics of poesy are for the most part incapable of looking for more than one thing at a time, having

got started about 1913 (I mean a few of 'em got started about 1913 and a lot have started since) to look for a certain plainness and directness of speech and simple order of words; and having about 1918 got started looking for Mr. Eliot's rather more fragile system (a system excellent for Mr. Eliot but not very much use to anyone else), they now limit their criticism to inquiring whether or no verse conforms to one or other of these manners, thereby often omitting to notice fundamentals, or qualities perhaps as important as verbal directness and even more important than "snap".

Anyone incapable of observing the power of imagination in Dunning's *Shadows* appears to me lacking in his apparatus criticus. I give the poem in its entirety to save the reader the trouble of looking it up in *Poetry* for April, 1925, where it appears at the end of a group:

SHADOWS

Flung by level moonlight grey against the wall,
I called my sulky shadow and my shadow
heard me call.
Still the stars and patient trees petrified there-
under—
Stiller than a dead man's world dreaming of
old thunder;
Still the night, and idle when I spoke that
word,
Masterfully calling till my shadow heard.
Grey against the garden wall, like a lover
trysting,
Glad to be evoked now in nowise resisting,
(Ah, the truth of magic, black and from the
pit;
Love may not forestall nor wisdom fathom
it!)—
Flat upon the moonlit wall there it shook and
waited
Till a word should mould it to what form was
fated.

Then it was I called myself, called me by my name—
Lo, my shadow started like a restless flame;
Started, stood forth like a bas-relief emergent,
Bulked into a statue, a body swift and urgent,
Came and stood beside me and brushed the roadside grass,
While I shook and waited till the dream should pass.

"Friend," it said, "I came at call, tell me of thy trouble."
"Foe," I said, "I curse thee and the fate that made me double."
Then I looked into its eyes, but could not look for long.
"Why wilt thou deny me now, and do me wrong?—
Wilt thou deny me thrice, O Judas?" said he, weeping.
"Sowed I not the good seed that ye might have the reaping?
Have ye had joy of women, or kissed delighted girls?
I lured their lips unto thee, 'twas I procured their curls.

All dreams of dark delight that ever lacked
fulfilling—
Thine was the fault in this, I struggled and
was willing.
Would women ever listen, or thou have heart
to ask?
Did they not look behind thee when I used
thee for a mask?"

Then said I to my shadow: "I beg thy princely
pardon,
My better self, or devil out of the primal
garden;
Now which shall be the shadow upon the wall
at rest?"

"Oh, thou shalt be the shadow and this will
be the test:
When as we move to moonward it is thou shalt
follow.
Come now," he said, "we go to prove the old
moon hollow."

And sure enough—my shadow, 'twas he that
did prevail;
And 'tis I, my lusty shadow, that now tells
this tale.

Seeing that the *Exile* is much too small to serve as any sort of general anthology for new work; that it can't possibly have room for all the odds and ends of possible verse and prose, I had hoped to use it rather as means of showing publishers where material was to be found; possibly even limiting the list of contributors to people with a book, or books, ready for the press; books that seemed to me worth the printing. Dunning comes into that class. Despite the fact that Mr. Ford and Miss Monroe have, to their minds, gutted *The Four Winds* and taken all the best of the poems from that ms., it still seems to me that *The Four Winds* was a book, a whole book, not merely a huddle of poems, and while these other two editors have broken the series and thereby weakened the force of the remaining poems taken one at time, I still find matter for gleaning and reason to urge the publication of the book as a whole.

As to the prose story. We are a magazine addressed to a special public. Part of our program is to compare the current day with the day before yesterday. Half of the public's reviewers are howling out that we ought to mirror America of the moment, and part of the

remainder are howling for people who will give them books expressing "everything that Babbitt is *not*."

I don't think the people who call for a mirror of the American scene really mean it. McAlmon is the most unsullied mirror we have at the moment. What they want is America gingered up; I mean they want "pickles," either sweetened or soured. When they get a dull but scientifically meritorious document, a series of slides for professional sociologists like Miss Beasley's opusculus, they promptly and efficiently put the lid on.

Now that even Mr. Wells is telling the Murkn peepul (via the American Sunday press) that they ought to read Henry James, it may be as well to remind the reader that *Daisy Miller* created a scandal; and that years later H. J., in that marvelous preface on Ninevites, which now precedes *Lady Barbarina*, breaks into: "There would appear to be today no scrap even of a Daisy Miller to bridge the chasm; no light-footed Francie Dossen or Pandora Day to dance before one across the wavering plank."

I am printing *Tony* as evidence. It is not customary for Americans to speculate on the

impressions produced by Americans on "Europe." This, however, is the sort of thing that is being sent over in place of the Francie Dossens. The sociologist or the civilologist may meditate at his leisure, it is the historian's function to leave the record and to leave the record as accurate as he can.

R. C. DUNNING:

Poems From the Four Winds

THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

Like ghostly kisses on my cheek
  The spray from off the fountain blows.
O heart too fond, O will too weak
  Where is your rose?

The little boats like flowers are blown
  The cries of children fill my ears.
O careless hands what have you sown
  These thirty years?

The circle of autumnal queens
  Attend upon the fading sky.
O feet that walk their cramped demesnes
  Where shall we fly?

The drummer drums us out at last.
  He drives all save the ghosts away.
(Insulted soul, some few years past—
  You, too, shall stay.)
  (On rainy nights in Paris, remembering Villon and old things that once were holy.)

O RAINY NIGHTS IN PARIS

Virgin of the fallen years
  Vision over dusty eyes
Goal of dreams who bows and hears
  Falling tears and prayers that rise
Like a mist from off a marsh
  And the quagmire of our woe—
Now the chanting is grown harsh
  And the taper faint and low.
All thy worshippers are old
  Shuffling down the dusty aisle
And the fires of faith are cold
  Holy wars are not worth while.
Knights who bore thy banner forth
  With the war-cry of thy name
Like a storm from out the north
  Left no sons to do the same.
Still on wet and windy nights
  Lady, I would be thy man
And amid thy fragrant lights
  I would pray if pray I can.
Virgin tell me now to-day
  Tell me with a tinkling word
Since there so few to pray
  Would my prayer be better heard?

THE WINTRY WORLD

The world is old to-night: the wind
  Runs wailing in the heartless cold—
Oh by all souls that sighed and sinned
  I know the world is old.

The snow lies on the roofs to-night
  And far beyond the city walls
For leagues on leagues the hills are white
  And there the grey wolf calls.

The stars to-night are cold and clear
  Upon their ways the planets go
And so we know they did, my dear
  Ten thousand years ago.
Our love to-night is faint with fear—
  How now they shine, the stars and snow
And so we know they will, my dear
  When we lie still below.

Let us make trial of ancient faith,
  Remurmur words once over strong,
Confirm old vows; raise up love's wraith
  Though it be not for long.

ISABELLE OF HAINAULT

It was no castle he saw
  Against the failing light
Only a house, a small farm house
  Painted a dirty white.
The road was mired with melting snow
  And it was nearly night.

As night drew on the dingy snow
  Began again to freeze.
He was so tired he nearly fell
  And weakened in the knees.
The dreary fields grew dark: he heard
  A moaning in the trees.

A lamp was lit inside the house
  He saw one window glow
And stars that were untired to shine
  Upon the snow,
They shone amid the last daylight
  That yet was loath to go.

It grew so still he almost heard
  The twinkling of those stars

And when he reached the long-barred gate
(How strange our avatars!)
It frightened him, the noise he made
In letting down the bars.

He trudged to the back door and knocked
Beside the cattle-shed.
A girl of fourteen opened it
And perked her pretty head,
They loved each other later—then,
"I'm the new hand," he said.

OH UNFORGOTTEN!

The howling of the curving wires
  Proclaimed the cold above my head.
It could not cool the happy fires
  Whereby my feet were lit and led.

The crunching of the crystal snow
  Proclaimed the cold beneath my feet.
I laughed to feel the red blood flow:
  The little bitter wind was sweet—

Was sweet with half-remembered springs
  And yet the only bird I saw
Was one old crow with ragged wings
  Who seemed too weak to waste a caw.

The youth of all the world is mine
  I sang into the sunset light
To think of how her arms would twine—
  Her thin young arms with all their might.

O winter sunset gleaming red
  O house that held the world for me
I hear the calling of the dead
  Across white wastes of memory.

EXILES AND A GIANT RIVER

The swift high-flying parrots pair by pair
Shine like blown sparks above the glooming
flood
(The two-mile wide Tocantins island-flecked)—
A fish leaps and a bird calls sadly, then
The long day dies its sullen tropic death
And darkness wakes the devils in the wood
And now a jaguar comes down to drink
Staring across the star be-spattered stream
Beneath a leaning palm: the night begins,
The sleepless night, while we with hammocks
slung
About the failing camp-fire dream of home
(Our scattered homes that now are homes no
more)
Till in the stillness like a hundred lions
The lonesome torrent roars beneath the moon
And eye-beams of those unfamiliar stars.

THE MOMENT IS IMMORTAL

Beside the old grey manor house
  In rain-remembered days
Yet where I know not for perhaps
  It was in France or Spain
I held her hand among dead leaves
  A moment and forever.

It is well known forgotten things
  Arise again in dreams.
Oh look and see those leaf-strewn walks
  White statues and dark trees
Our forms transfixed a moment there
  And more than stone eternal.

Those same old trees shall always stand
  Still in that sacred spot
Re-murmuring all the words we said
  With man and maid beneath
For my soul I hold it all
  On earth, in hell or heaven.

PAYSON LOOMIS:

Don't Wake Me Up Yet

My last night in Paris.
Tomorrow
Fresh air and the work I want.

A waiter rushes down the dining-room with a soufflé as if it were about to explode.
"It's very awkward for the Archbishop of Canterbury—"
A girl saying to her mother "Keep your shirt on."
Lamplight bright as sunlight on the lettuce and carnations.
Four waiters serving one soufflé.
Chute complète:

Oh, if I had no tutor saying "Come; do this; do this";
It would be easy enough.
I would take any job I could get in New York

With hours not too long.
I could have, as the circumstances are,
Money enough for a private bath; tickets for music;
Presentable clothes; and belong to a good gymnasium.
The work wouldn't get on my nerves, whatever it were,
Anything is interesting.
(Wrote an essay last winter on Chaucer's use of connectives
With a hundred and thirty pages of preamble, took ten weeks,
And I can't imagine anything that would interest me less.)
And after work-hours (and during them) I would be, o my pulse, in New York!
I no longer get any kick out of calling it the center of the world,
But I am tied to it by all the habits and weaknesses of my flesh!
The symphonies coming, with foreign conductors,
From Boston and Cleveland and Philadelphia,
And the soldiers parading Fifth Avenue on holidays

In the crash of bands, coarse and proud and bored
—I throw them initialed cigarettes from my reserved window,
And watch the flags disappear in the distance, in the sun,
Telling me how gay it is to have thrown everything away—
And to slouch in the dark of a shaking taxi
And think about nothing but the importance of one's haste;
And oh, more movies than anywhere else in the world,
Business-men playing such excellent bridge, and interested in so many things,
Always a new Swedish athlete to read up on, at the Garden,
Barbershops where the light is soft and everything is sterilized,
And the swimming-pools and the osteopaths,
Any kind of bookstore you want!
Any kind of restaurant you want!
All the grains, all the fruits, at all hours, cheap, and well cooked, at Childs!
I have no social or literary ambitions, and should not long to travel.

There is no one interesting enough, intellectually,
To desire to meet;
And very few with natural charm.
And there would always be persons of some refinement to converse with,
Among the doctors and among the married women,
Especially wealthy, modest women and their children,
And in almost any class,—
Even, doubtless, in the intelligentsia.
I would be possessed from time to time by the literary rage
"That lurks in my blood," but I could soon exhaust it,
Writing of the fashions and the latest ads—
—In couplets more finely turned, my friend, than Pope's.
My verses might please, incidentally, one or two friends,
For when this my old malaria gripped me
They could hear
In lines about cosmetics and complex machines
The subtlest changes in the beating of a heart.
But all this, I think, would soon pass.
As for travel—no, or very seldom.

I like, to be sure, the analogies and the landscape—
A bank so steep, with firs on top,
That it duplicates the façade of the Louvre,
Falls like white cracks in walls
Far off, as if their water were petrified,
Or falling visibly but unheard,
—And one evening coming up the Rhone
There hung like Japanese lanterns, one orange, one silver,
One on the left, one on the right, the sun and the moon,
And next morning they had changed places,
(The silver ball's light had gone out)
So it seemed my direction was reversed.
But the place where the possibilities for this sort of thing are most unlimited,
Is, precisely, New York:
"The naves of unfinished cathedrals,"
Buildings so proud they can hardly keep from smiling,
Vistas so long it seems as if one were looking through the wrong end of a telescope,
All the thousands of landscapes, each with a different interest,
In that stack of poker-chips so enormous it was given a name.

And it would be absurd to travel to see works
of art,
Since great painting and sculpture, for me, are
exasperation,
And I prefer to take the pleasures of archi-
tecture
Through sketches and photographs.
I can picture myself standing before the Mame-
luke Tombs at Cairo
With a terrific headache,
Vainly trying to analyse their power
Or abstract some emotive design,
And the walls around excavations,
And all the works of the Egyptologists avail-
able in
The suave darkness of the libraries of Berlin
and New York,
And here the stillness and the platinum sun-
light
Screaming with the inanity of it all.
No, it was when I was in New Haven, reading,
That I felt like swinging on the chandeliers of
Rheims,
And I am satisfied by a photograph of
The Mosque of Mohammed Ali:
Rails that run in tremendous circles,

Each with its circle of hanging globes!
Oh! for one of those things that fly back and
forth in department-stores like carrier
pigeons
(Made my airedale bark so in a general store
in the West,
But this very building is so strange that a dog
would bark and bark and bark)
To whirl with it on these circles! and shatter all
the globes!
And in their cries of laughter there would
sound
The triumph of what? of the merry-go-round,
Rhythm my practice never achieved,
"And the black and the white horse achieve
it!"
And a new world at a turn of the page.

My indulgent family would give me, at
Christmas,
The photograph albums I wanted.
And other things,
Globes, and line-drawings, color-plates of
shell-fish, etc.
There'd be night-school courses in many sub-
jects,

And places where I could watch people through
opera-glasses,
And I'd be spending much time in the libraries,
Near those wise persons who seem to know
now
That nothing matters, but are interested in
everything.
The dreams I should have in sleep at night,
Besides giving me a side-light on my vegetation,
Would also,
Since I don't insist on reducing things to their
essentials,
Entertain me—
(I stand in a bare hall,
On the floor
A silver snake, gloating, writhes.
"Stop! Stop!" I cry, excruciated.
The writing accelerates.
All at once I remember the words, and shout:
"In the name of the Lord God!"
A roar as of cymbals, the walls
Resound.
The snake lies motionless, head cleaving to the
floor . . . .
The meaning as psychoanalysis gives it, quite
accurately, simple:
I had acquired the power then

Of cutting short an erotic dream;
But it is the symbols, not the meaning, which
are pleasing in themselves.)

Unfortunately,
I should sometimes dream of
The two persons who most, as Gertrude Stein
would put it,
"Troubled the composition"
(And all for a quality which, imagine it,
Was prostituted by the one in whom it dazzled
me most,
And was killing the other)
And be living over again, the usual thing,
Meaningless and regretted scenes—
Things I could relegate more and more easily,
the way I should be living,
Or from which I could draw the (so unreason-
able!) bitterness
I might want occasionally
In the working hours.

Working with the other millions
In the largest hive of working bees,
And the minds still working, like the bees, at
night
In the darkness of the cells!

L'oeil est la lampe du corps.
And my pupils, all day long, would be contracting and expanding,
In the streets and the interiors,
With all the changes of artificial and natural light.
And every night one abandons one's energy
To the closing shell of blackness, to be built up again
As the oyster builds the pearl; and then
The sunlight flings its bright flag on the wall,
The riveter reiterates its call,
The curtains and the telephones ring—

O ye gods what a row of expressions!
Even the waiters—
"Come; 'when they look like insects' isn't it
Too much?"
Keep your shirt on. Fontainebleau tomorrow.
Fontainebleau! Tomorrow tomorrow!

MORLEY CALLAGHAN:

Ancient Lineage

The young man from the Historical Club with a green magazine under his arm got off the train at Clintonville. It was getting dark but the station lights were not lit. He hurried along the platform and jumped down on the sloping cinder path to the sidewalk.

Trees were on the lawns alongside the walk, branches drooping low, leaves scraping occasionally against the young man's straw hat. He saw a cluster of lights, bluish white, in the dusk across a river, many lights for a small town. He crossed the lift lock bridge and turned on to the main street. An hotel was at the corner.

At the desk a baldheaded man in a blue shirt, the sleeves rolled up, looked critically at the young man while he registered.

"All right, Mr. Flaherty," he said, inspecting the signature carefully.

"Do you know many people around here?" Mr. Flaherty asked.

"Just about everybody."

"The Rowers?"

"The old lady?"

"Yeah, an old lady."

"Sure, Mrs. Anna Rower. Around the corner to the left, then turn to the right on the first street, the house opposite the Presbyterian church on the hill."

"An old family," suggested the young man.

"An old timer all right." The hotel man made it clear by a twitching of his lips that he was a part of the new town, canal, water power and factories.

Mr. Flaherty sauntered out and turned to the left. It was dark and the street had the silence of small towns in the evening. Turning a corner, he heard girls giggling in a doorway. He looked at the church on the hill, the steeple dark against the sky. He had forgotten whether the man had said beside the church or across the road, but could not make up his mind to ask the fellow who was watering the wide church lawn. No lights in the shuttered windows of the roughcast house beside the church. He came down the hill and had to

yell three times at the man because the water swished strongly against the grass.

"All right, thanks. Right across the road," Mr. Flaherty repeated.

Tall trees screened the square brick house. Looking along the hall to a lighted room, Mr. Flaherty saw an old lady standing at a sideboard. "She's in all right," he thought, rapping on the screen door. A large woman of about forty, dressed in blue skirt and blue waist, came down the stairs. She did not open the screen door.

"Could I speak to Mrs. Anna Rower?"

"I'm Miss Hilda Rower."

"I'm from the University Historical Club."

"What did you want to see mother for?"

Mr. Flaherty did not like talking through the screen door. "I wanted to talk to her," he said firmly.

"Well, maybe you'd better come in."

He stood in the hall while the large woman lit the gas in the front room. The gas flared, popped, showing her fat hips and the heavy lines on her face. Mr. Flaherty, disappointed, watched her swaying down the hall to get her mother. He carefully inspected the front room, the framed photographs of dead con-

servative politicians, the group of military men hanging over the old-fashioned piano, the faded greenish wall paper and the settee in the corner.

An old woman with a knot of white hair and good eyes, came into the room, walking erectly. "This is the young man who wanted to see you, mother," Miss Hilda Rower said. They all sat down. Mr. Flaherty explained he wanted to get some information concerning the Rower genealogical tree for the next meeting of his society. The Rowers, he knew, were a pioneer family in the district, and descended from William, the Conqueror, he had heard.

The old lady laughed thinly, swaying from side to side. "It's true enough, but I don't know who told you. My father was Daniel Rower, who came to Ontario from Cornwall in 1830."

Miss Hilda Rower interrupted. "Wait, mother, you may not want to tell about it." Brusque and businesslike, she turned to the young man. "You want to see the family tree, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"My father was a military settler here," the old lady said.

"I don't know but what we might be able to give you some notes," Miss Hilda spoke generously.

"Thanks awfully, if you will."

"Of course, you're prepared to pay something if you're going to print it," she added, snugly adjusting her big body in the chair.

Mr. Flaherty got red in the face; of course he understood, but to tell the truth he had merely wanted to chat with Mrs. Rower. Now he knew definitely he did not like the heavy nose and unsentimental assertiveness of the lower lip of this big woman with the wide shoulders. He couldn't stop looking at her thick ankles. Rocking back and forth in the chair, she was primly conscious of lineal superiority, a proud unmarried woman, surely she could handle a young man, half closing her eyes, a young man from the University, indeed. "I don't want to talk to her about the University," he thought.

Old Mrs. Rower went into the next room and returned with a framed genealogical tree of the house of Rower. She handed it graciously to Mr. Flaherty, who read, "The descent of the family of Rower, from William, the Conqueror, from Malcolm I, and from the

Capets, Kings of France." It bore the imprimatur of the College of Arms, 1838.

"It's wonderful to think you have this," Mr. Flaherty said, smiling at Miss Hilda, who watched him suspiciously.

"A brother of mine had it all looked up," Old Mrs. Rower said.

"You don't want to write about that," Miss Hilda said, crossing her ankles. The ankles looked much thicker crossed. "You just want to have a talk with mother."

"That's it," Mr. Flaherty smiled agreeably.

"We may write it up ourselves some day." Her heavy chin dipped down and rose again.

"Sure, why not."

"But there's no harm in you talking to mother, if you want to, I guess."

"You could write a good story about that tree," Mr. Flaherty said, feeling his way.

"We may do it some day, but it'll take time." She smiled complacently at her mother, who mildly agreed.

Mr. Flaherty talked pleasantly to this woman, who was so determined he should not learn anything about the family tree without paying for it. He tried talking about the city, then tactfully asked old Mrs. Rower what she re-

membered of the Clintonville of seventy years ago. The old lady talked willingly, excited a little. She went into the next room to get a book of clippings. "My father, Captain Rower, got a grant of land from the Crown and cleared it," she said, talking over her shoulder. "A little way up the Trent River. Clintonville was a small military settlement then. . . ."

"Oh, mother, he doesn't want to know all about that," Miss Hilda said, impatiently.

"It's very interesting, indeed."

The old woman said, nervously, "My dear, what difference does it make. You wrote it all up for the evening at the church."

"So I did, too," she hesitated, thinking the young man ought to see how well it was written. "I have an extra copy." She looked at him thoughtfully. He smiled. She got up and went upstairs.

The young man talked very rapidly to the old lady and took many notes.

Miss Rower returned. "Would you like to see it?" She handed Mr. Flaherty a small grey booklet. Looking quickly through it, he saw it contained valuable information about the district.

"The writing is simply splendid. You must have done a lot of work on it."

"I worked hard on it," she said, pleased and more willing to talk.

"Is this an extra copy?"

"Yes, it's an extra copy."

"I suppose I might keep it," he said diffidently.

She looked at him steadily. "Well . . . I'll have to charge you twenty-five cents."

"Sure, sure, of course, that's fine." He blushed.

"Just what it cost to get them out," the old lady explained apologetically.

"Can you change a dollar?" he fumbled in his pocket, pulling the dollar out slowly.

They could not change it, but Miss Rower would be pleased to go down to the corner grocery store. Mr. Flaherty protested. No trouble, he would go. She insisted on asking the next door neighbor to change it. She went across the room, the dollar in hand.

Mr. Flaherty chatted with the nice old lady and carefully examined the family tree, and wrote quicky in a small book till the screen door banged, the curtains parted and Miss Hilda Rower came into the room. He wanted to

smirk, watching her walking heavily, so conscious of her ancient lineage, a virginal mincing sway to her large hips, seventy-five cents change held loosely in drooping fingers.

"Thank you," he said, pocketing the change, pretending his work was over. Sitting back in the chair, he praised the way Miss Rower had written the history of the neighborhood and suggested she might write a splendid story of the family tree, if she had the material, of course.

"I've got the material all right," she said, trying to get comfortable again. How would Mr. Flaherty arrange it and where should she try and sell it? The old lady was dozing in the rocking chair. Miss Rower began to talk rather nervously about her material. She talked of the last title in the family and the Sir Richard, who had been at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Flaherty chimed in gaily, "I suppose you know the O'Flahertys were kings in Ireland, eh?"

She said vaguely, "I daresay, I daresay," conscious only of an interruption of the flow of her thoughts. She went on talking with hurried eagerness, all the fine talk about her an-

cestors bringing her peculiar satisfaction. A soft light came into her eyes and her lips were moist.

Mr. Flaherty started to rub his cheek, and looked at her big legs, and felt restive, and then embarrassed, watching her closely, her firm lower lip hanging loosely. She was talking slowly, lazily, relaxing in her chair, a warm fluid oozing through her veins, exhausting, but satisfying her.

He was uncomfortable. She was liking it too much. He did not know what to do. There was something immodest about it. She was close to forty, her big body relaxed in the chair. He looked at his watch and suggested he would be going. She stretched her legs graciously, pouting, inviting him to stay a while longer, but he was standing up, tucking his magazine under his arm. The old lady was still dozing. "I'm so comfortable," Miss Rower said, "I hate to move."

The mother woke up and shook hands with Mr. Flaherty. Miss Rower got up to say good-by charmingly.

Half way down the path, Mr. Flaherty turned. She was standing in the doorway, partly shadowed by the tall trees, bright moon-

light filtering through leaves touching soft lines on her face and dark hair.

He went down the hill to the hotel, unconsciously walking with a careless, easy stride, wondering at the change that had come over the heavy, strong woman. He thought of taking a walk along the river in the moonlight, the river on which old Captain Rower had drilled troops on the ice in the winter of 1837 to fight the rebels. Then he thought of having a western sandwich in the café across the road from the hotel. That big woman in her own way had been hot stuff.

In the hotel he asked to be called early so he could get the first train to the city. For a long time he lay awake in the fresh, cool bed, the figure of the woman whose ancient lineage had taken the place of a lover in her life, drifting into his thoughts and becoming important while he watched on the wall the pale moonlight that had softened the lines of her face, and wondered if it were still shining on her bed, and on her throat, and on her contented, lazily relaxed body.

CLIFFORD GESSELER:

Waikiki (Three Sonnets)

RHAPSODY AT WAIKIKI

The luscious leaves of twilight sifting down
Across the mellow splendor of the sky
Drift in a flood of dreams against the eye
Of one lone star that winks above the town.
Lonely and sad I sit beneath the brown
Chrysanthemums, and wish that I might buy
A stein of suds—while dismally the cry
Of the mad mynahs smites me on the crown.

Volstead is too much with us. Late and soon
The dry sleuths prowl along the arid sand
Leaving a waste of temperate scenery
And only you—of all—can understand.
O grand and goofy sky! O cuckoo sea!
Come out, my love, and greet the cock-eyed
moon!

WAIKIKI NOCTURNE

And so we waited, watching, two by two,
With melancholy attitudes and pale,
The sad procession of the ginger ale
Gravely down Kalakaua Avenue.
"A hair perhaps divides the false and true,"
He answered when they took him to the jail;
They hauled him in for speeding, and his bail
Was fifty dollars, for the air was blue.

And so we took him thence and wandered far
Past many bridges till the night grew wan;
And quaffed congratulation deep and long:
The moon forgot what it had shone upon
When those grave pilgrims trolled a bawdy
song
And poured libation to a nameless star.

AND LEFT YOU WEEPING

I yoohooed at your window in the dawn
And she who rose in answer coldly glared
At me as if I were a turtle snared
And, condescending, told me you were gone.
Sorrow grimacing in me like a faun,
With wondering that I so much had dared
I turned, and left my chewing-gum unshared
And sprinkled with my tears your tidy lawn.

Alas that daft desire should fade so soon—
Emotions change their residence without warning!
Smiling superior to each blunder, I
Permit the incensed gods to wonder why
I yoohooed at your window in the morning
And left you weeping in the boat at noon!

HOWARD WEEKS:

Stunt Piece

He drank the night, another draught
of black liqueur doubly distilled
from sun-ripe days. And then she laughed
and he was dead but was not killed.
She was so very blond. A jet
of pale smoke from her cigaret
spread nervously in frilled volutes.
"Sure," she said, "most guys're brutes."
I love you, dearest lady, for
your lips are subtle as a hiss,
your columned legs were made for war
majestic in their entasis
(but who shall tear the temple's veil,
pluck from foamed jaws the tiger's tusk,
or first espy the purple sail,
more purple than the Tyrian dusk?).
Her breasts disdain to model cups
as Helen's rose-tipped mammary glands
and he who from her loose lip sups

forgets the winecup in his hands.
"I used to like a guy that smoked
Home Runs—sure, gimme one."
I swear, I swear, I never joked
with her. She always, always won.
She always won. The absolute
exists, exists! The rotten fruit
of moribund philosophers
is green again and it is hers!
A bloated bag of bone and meat,
first cousin of Neanderthal,
soon toes will not be found on feet,
rolled fat boils over shoes too small.
"The viol, the violet and the vine"
again. This beer glass is a fact.
The beer is gone. A little wine
was one thing that the evening lacked.
She said, "I guess you'd better go.
Jesus, I couldn't sleep last night."
And palely in the lamp's green glow
I rose and shook her hand. The rite
performed then all in all is done.
"And such is man and such his laws."
She yawned and said, "Well, so long, hon."
The means and end lie in the cause.

HERMAN SPECTOR:

Cloaks and Suits

. . . Husky niggers run the elevators in buildings where stinking specimens of inhumanity with sharp, beady eyes and flushed faces rush to and fro and up and down and sneer cigars. Badly painted girls and women in tight pink camisoles walk about the floors casually but that don't give nobody a Russian hurrah because 1st they are used to it secondly a bad sex to ye if ye think that Mr. Goldberger's eye could ever wander from the tally-sheet during business hours—or after. Mr. Goldberger is strictly business, except he goes to see a fight once in a while or attends the opening of some kind of teater where some kind of a show is playing which never turns out as dirty as you'd expect but Mr. Goldberger always tells what a hot time was had by all. But Mr. Goldberger he usually don't have much time for such tings his time is so pre-

occupied. All day long he is busy frowning at salesmen and smiling at customers and bawling out the help and in-between-times running in and out of elevators trying not to look too important. You can't blame Mr. Goldberger for sticking out his stomach in self-approbation. The salesmen salaam and kiss his feet and visiting buyers respect him because he got more money than what they got and Mr. Goldberger figures he could buy every dressmodel in the building—if he wanted to . . . A jovial God created Mr. Goldberger without teeth, and now offers him nuts to crack.

More Bolshevik Atrocities

(With acknowledgment to the Chicago Tribune)
Text and Subtitle from Paris edition 1 Dec. 1927

RUSSIAN PROPOSALS

Amidst an intense silence, the Moscow spokesman then produced the following proposals:

"We suggest the dissolution of all land, sea and air forces and the nonadmittance of their existence in any concealed form:

"The destruction of all weapons and military supplies, means of chemical warfare and other forms of armament, as well as the possession of troops or military stores:

"The scrapping of all warships and military aircraft:

"The discontinuance of calling up citizens for military training, either by the armies or public schools.

"Legislation abolishing military service, compulsory, voluntary or recruited.

"Legislation prohibiting the calling up of trained reserves:

"Destruction of fortresses and naval and air bases:

"The scrapping of military plants, factories and war industry plants in general:

WOULD END BUDGETS

"The discontinuance of assigning funds for military purposes on state budgets:

"The abolition of military naval and air ministries and the dissolution of general staffs and every kind of military administrations and institutions:

"Legislative prohibition of military propaganda, military training of the population and military education of state and public bodies:

"Legislative prohibition of patenting any armament and a means of destruction to remove the incentive for such inventions.

"Legislation making an infringement of the above stipulation a grave crime against the state:

"The withdrawal or alteration of all legisla-

tive acts of a national or international scope infringing on the above stipulations."

THROWS BOMBSHELL

M. Litvinov's words fell like a bombshell. Dr. Benes looked astounded. The British delegate succeeding Lord Cecil, Lord Cushendon, looked over his glasses amazed at such heresy as proposing that fleets be scrapped. M. Paul-Boncour pretended indifference, reading a pile of papers. Count Bernstorff seemed supremely happy and Chairman Loudon looked disgusted at the whole affair. Most of the other delegates appeared frankly suspicious and amused, trying not to take the proposition seriously.

"The Soviet delegation is empowered to propose the fulfillment of the above program of complete disarmament as soon as the convention becomes operative so that measures for the destruction of military stores may be completed within a year," continued the Russian delegate.

He then took a mean slap at his colleagues. "In case the Capitalistic states reject the immediate abolition of standing armies, the Soviet government, desiring to facilitate the agree-

ment, is prepared to make a proposal for complete disarmament to be carried out by gradual stages during a period of four years, with the first stage to be accomplished during the coming year. National funds, freed from war budgets, could be employed by each state for productive and cultural purposes.

BLOW AT GERMANY

"We subscribe to the convention prohibiting the employment of chemical and bacteriological substances for military purposes and insure the practicability of such an agreement necessary for the establishment of workers' control over chemical industries susceptible to conversion for war purposes."

Count Bernstorff's satisfied smile froze on his lips at these words, as Germany possesses the most highly developed chemical industry potentially able to manufacture poison gas and other means of destruction.

"Our plan is utopian and ultra-radical, but the subject requires it," continued M. Litvinov. "You never yet seriously took up disarmament. Its realization does not correspond to the political interests of the great powers nor the ambitions of big industrial combines nor profiteers.

I have examined the schemes you have been working on and am terrified by their complexity. Mixing in the security problem and fixing the size of the army and navy the states are entitled to maintain according to their geographic and international obligations proves the futility of attempting to deal with the question on those lines.

"Unless the base of negotiations is changed, the disarmament conference will either break down completely or continue to waste time during the decade to come. The danger of war is not a theoretical possibility but a real imminent menace. If war is to be avoided we must act without delay. The states seeking to delay the solution must accept the enormous responsibility.

"Therefore, we propose the following resolution: To commence an immediate draft of a detailed project for disarmament based on the Soviets' proposals and convoke in March, 1928, at the latest, for a general conference on disarmament."

THE EXILE

With each issue of our incomparable review, we "the edtr" find that, at the last moment there is not room for our editorials. Any scrap of creative work being in our eye of more worth than lengthy discussion of what might be but is not. The third drawer on the right side of our desk gets fuller and fuller. The conclusions to be drawn from it are:

1. What largely ails the "arts" is unemployment. If painters wd. paint on walls instead of on scraps of paper their work wd. not so easily become prey of speculators, and at fifty an artist wd. not find his most bitter competitors (in the market) the people who had bought his first work.

2. The parties that have provided the U. S. with the last three presidents ought to be forever excluded from any participation in national affairs.

3. All bureaucrats ought to be drowned. All interference in human affairs by people paid to interfere ought to be stopped.

4. Article 211 of the U. S. penal code ought to be pasted on the wall of every school room in America in order that the American child might learn thus early in its life that the driveling imbecility of 460 elected fools acting alone.

5. Le style c'est l'homme. Knowledge of this simple fact wd. have saved us from Woodie Wilson.

6. All officials in the State dept. ought to be vacuum cleaned.

7. All congressmen and others responsible for continuance of the passport and visa system ought to be flayed; those impeding Vestal's reform of copyright dishonesty ought to be suspended in chains.

8. The man who suggested that Mrs. Wilson ought to be nominated as vice-president or "running mate" for Al. Smith on dem. ticket must love the dem. party.

9. Anything is preferable to having another democrat in the White House, but there is nothing in sight which can be preferred very much.

10. America lacks men of principle. That is to say they are all unprincipled even when not definitely scoundrels. Meaning thereby that

they never inspect any act with *reference to* its general bearing, or to "where its comes out". Even H. Broun was suggesting that a conservative cd. support the XVIIIth amendment. As a staunch conservative I object to the insult.

11. The 207 literate Americans alleged by scientists to exist, ought to be compelled to serve in the national legislature now and again, in spite of the popular choice.

12. The ivory tower is too often made of papier-mâché. Our intellectuals are lacking in savagery, and public affairs have arrived at a state of annoyingness where they interfere with proper conduct of life and the fine arts. Everybody not engaged in actual contribution to art and science ought to turn to and turn out the scoundrels and imbeciles. All sorts of well meaning people with subsidiary types of intelligence can be of more use for the next ten or twenty years working for diminution of bureaucracy and to establish non-interfering administration than in playing the talented amateur.

13. Patronage of the arts is very difficult. Only great good will can make up for lack of technique.

14. There is in American public life today

no man as enlightened as Mustapha Kemal Pasha. This is obviously a depressing thought to a patriotic American, for in the days of Jefferson we were not last among the nations of the earth. Kemal has chucked out the Koran; of all our trained seals there is not one who is man enough to chuck out any nuisance whatsoever. Any evil commited by congress becomes an holy revelation for succeeding officials. Damn, and again damn, and yet again damnblast the lot of 'em. For one enlightened and honest law, for one curtailment of bureaucratic interference . . . and so forth.

15. Lovers of art and letters do not appoint a committee of professors, or create an institution to do something about it after their death, they *act* at once and on things and men in being; they have more regard for contemporary activity than for even archaeological research.

16. The res publica means, or ought to mean: the public convenience.

17. We refuse to recognize England as a civilized nation so long as her divorce laws

remain the dastardly manifestation of brute stupidity that they now are.

We refuse to recognize France as a contemporary part of civilization so long as kow-tow to paper forms, faddle of passports and cartes d'identité remains an integral part of the outward manifestation of her internal imbecility.

18. As simple news items and guide to the young: An American can not *now* go to Europe and find certain things ready made for him to learn. Twenty years ago one could go to London or Paris, and probably to Munich and Vienna and find things admirably done. For example, British and French writers wrote better than the calicomugs of New York.

Now there is absolutely nowhere that a young man can go with advantage unless he be protected with the most lively critical and comparative instinct.

There are places in Europe not utterly poisoned by the mental venoms produced chez nous; the horrible tonalities of Wilson, Volstead, Bryan, etc., etc., but the European advantages are a much more negative affair than they were in 1900 or in the first half of 1914.

Apart from not having our particular local marasmus, the advantage of the European trip

exists only for the patient searcher, for the man willing to pick out small fragments and relics with the greatest possible care.

Parenthesis: I seriously advise every reader of this note to refuse utterly to buy tickets for Europe until the visa infamy is removed. If you must go, enquire at six travel bureaus and refuse to buy their tickets, and then buy your ticket at the seventh. And remember that our State Dept. deserves no pity and that the French State Dept. deserves no pity. These two are the chief offenders.

M. Lauzanne asks that we tell him the truth: very well, I don't mind. In the absence of any outstanding merit in the French literary output for the years 1924 to 28 we observe French public life. No nation insisting on the French carte d'identite system, and taking the lead in maintaining an 18th century system of visas can get away with the idea that it is leading civilization.

19. As for the U. S.: The national administration has been boob-flooded for too long, it is time that people with a trace of intelligence and some smattering of general culture took over the management.

DESIDERIA

Quite simply: I want a new civilization. We have the basis for a new poetry, and for a new music. The government of our country is hopelessly low-brow, there are certain crass stupidities in administration that it is up to the literate members of the public to eradictae. Voilà tout.

I say "new" civilization, I don't know that I *care* about its being so very different from the best that has been, but it must be *as good* as the best that has been. It can't possibly be the *same,* so why worry, novelty is enforced (ineluctable as the post-Joycians call it). We have a new building material, we have several new media, whatever they are worth in themselves they have an effect on the consciousness. If you have a thousand architects of great talent working ten hours a day, you can not exhaust the new possibilities of steel structure. If you have an hundred musicians of genius working half the day and all night, you can not exhaust the new impulse in music. Why worry? There is plenty of work to be done.

(Parenthesis. No, dearie, when I say. the basis for a new poetry, I don't mean the vers libre movement as it was in the year 1912.)

INTERACTION .

The first issue of *The Exile* printed in Dijon was strictly my own affair. Mr. Price assured me that America cd. absorb 300 copies. The Port of Noo York assured Mr. Price that magazines were not dutiable. On that understanding I had no need of anyone's cooperation.

The Port of New York saw *Exile,* found that it was dated "Spring 1927" instead of "April 1927" and proclaimed that *Exile* was not a magazine but a "book". Thereby illustrating the nature of the bureaucratic mindersatz.

The tax imposed on "books" at the American frontier as result of our governing powers, ever desirous of maintaining the present state of national stupidity, wd. effectively preclude the possibility of my printing *Exile* in my own front yard and shipping it to the scattered intelligentzia of Texas, Albany and the outlying gehennae. I mean save at greater expense that it is worth.

Hence the delays in the appearance of subsequent numbers. For any enjoyment the present issue affords the famished reader, the said reader may thank Mr. Covici.